

Anonymity

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Summary: When Gobber's lucky skivvies are stolen, it's up to Hiccup and his friends to find the thief. [long one-shot]

Anonymity

****A.N.****

****Like always, this takes place after the season 1 finale and is not related to any of my past stories. I hope you have a good read and thank you all for any reviews.****

****This idea was originally suppose to be one of my earlier stories called _Gumshoe_.****

****Apologies for any typos I missed.****

****Disclaimer: I own nothing****

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><p>Anonymity

****The Search For Gobber's Lucky Skivvies****

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><p>The moon was full and high in the sky; most of the residences on Berk were fast asleep in their beds. One particular viking that was awake was working hard in the forge, singing a tune that he would only sing when he was truly happy.<p>

"I've got my ax, and I've got my mace, and I love my wife with the ugly face, I'm a viking true and true!" Gobber sang before humming the tune again. He match the rhythm with his hammer's bangs as he

refined an ax. Not like he was going to use the ax anytime soon, but the armory still needed to be full with ready-to-go weapons in case the Outcasts or any other savages on the sea decided to mess with them. Of course the dragons would help greatly in such situations, but you can never be too careful.

One more pound and the ax was complete. Holding it up, Gobber rubbed his pointer finger across its blade, the metal glimmered from the light hitting it.

"Ah, she's as good as new." Gobber said before a yawn escaped his mouth. He twirled the ax twice before heading out of the forge with it. Walking down the street, he came upon a large building, opened its doors and placed the ax firmly on its shelf. The armory was looking better than before, nice sharp weapons now instead of those dull rusty ones.

Another yawn escaped and he walked out. After closing the doors, he ventured back to his house for a good night's rest.

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><p>Toothless yawned and shook himself free of the drowsiness that came with mornings. He stretched himself out, his teeth detracting in doing so before retracting once again. He scurried over to Hiccup's bed, seeing the young viking still fast asleep under his covers. He nudged him with his head, while not getting any response, he nudged him again. This time he got a moan; once more and he got another moan. Toothless was practically on top of Hiccup by the time the kid said something.<p>

"Toothless, five more minutes." Unacceptable for Toothless. He grumbled before pushing his rider off of the bed and onto the floor, covers following suit. Hiccup gasped at the surprise attack and looked up at Toothless from where he sat. The dragon was smiling at him, sitting on his bed like he owned it. Hiccup glared at him, but it was more of a friendly one; he would never hate Toothless for anything he did.

With defeat, Hiccup leaned forward and got up, replaced his covers back on his bed and grabbed his wool jacket.

Stoick plopped down in his chair with his tankard in one hand. After taking a sip or two, he sat it down on the table and began to eat his cod. Right by the fireplace was a basket of freshly caught fish, the basket being to first thing Toothless went to. Hiccup came over and sat down in his chair, eating away at his cod as well. Once Stoick was done, he stood up with a groan and placed his helmet on his head.

"Well I better go start my chiefting. Problems aren't going to solve themselves you know." As Stoick reached to open the door, it burst open from a visitor on the outside. Stoick staggered back a ways, shocked from the sudden intrusion. The commotion instantly caught Hiccup's attention, as well as Toothless'.

"Stoick!" Gobber yelled with desperation. He looked like a mess.

"Gobber?" Stoick asked, slightly concerned for his friend. He usually

didn't get like this unless something terrible happened.

"Stoick, you have to help me! I've been robbed!" Gobber grumbled while hanging off of Stoick's arm. The man had to use most of his muscles to keep his friend from falling to the ground.

"Robbed? Robbed of what?" Hiccup asked, getting up from his sitting and walking over to Gobber and his dad.

"My lucky skivvies!" Gobber cried out. Though he didn't actually have tears falling down from his eyes, it did look like such a thing would happen any time soon.

"Um," hiccup was taken back, feeling the conversation go east to the land of uncomfortable. "I'mâ€"Iâ€"um, I'm sorry."

Stoick sighed, "Not this again," he whispered to himself; lifting Gobber up off of him and steadying him on his own two feet... well, one foot at least.

"Gobber, are you sure you didn't just misplace it like last time?"

"Yes I'm sure, Stoick. I looked everywhere, even in Franmeati's house! They. Where. Stolen!"

"Some one stole your underwear?" The question undoubtedly held disbelief.

"My lucky underwear; no doubt to use the luck for themselves!"

"Uhhh..." Hiccup really didn't know what to say.

Stoick sighed, again; "Fine Gobber, Hiccup here will help you find them."

"What?"

"My schedule is busy, and yours, well, not so much." Stoick stated, passing the problem off to his son.

"But..." Hiccup tried to think of something to say, "...but..."

"No buts, now go help Gobber find his... skivvies." And with that, Stoick left the house. Gobber looked at Hiccup with a smile, Hiccup just looked like he was put on death row.

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><p>"We have to do what?" Astrid asked, her and the rest of the teens looking miserable. They were currently standing in front of the forge, Gobber rechecking the shelves in case he could find his skivvies, but he had no such luck.<p>

"Some one "stole" Gobber's underwear and we have to help him find them." Hiccup explained once more, using his fingers to emphasize the quotation marks. Gobber came up from behind him and bumped him in the shoulder.

"Why are you putting quotation marks on the word stole? They _were_ stolen; what are ye calling me a liar?"

"I'm not saying you're lying, Gobber, it just seems very likely that they _didn't_ get stolen."

"Yeah, who would really want Gobber's underwear." Snotlout snickered silently. Tuffnut and Ruffnut grinned and snickered as well.

"Alls I know is that its not here and I don't have 'em." Gobber defended himself.

"Dontâ€"don't worry, we'll find 'em for you. Just leave it to us." Hiccup said, the last line with disappointment.

The kids walked off, leaving Gobber to do... whatever Gobber usually does. In the center of the plaza, they formed a circle to discuss their plan.

"Okay, here's the plan; we each split up and interrogate a potential suspect." Hiccup began.

"A suspect? What kind of suspect?" Astrid asked with her arms folded.

"I don't know," Hiccup rubbed the back of his neck, "some one who was in the vicinity when the crime happened, or someone who knows Gobber and his daily routine."

"Knows Gobber, you mean like you and Stoick?" Astrid replied with a pointed finger.

"I didn't take Gobber's underpants, and neither did my dad; although... he did say this happened before, we could get more information about it, it could give us a lead." Hiccup concluded. The others stepped back a little. Hiccup noticed and furrowed his eyes in confusion.

"What?" he asked not knowing why they seemed quick to retreat.

"I'm not interrogating your dad." Snotlout remarked.

"Me neither." Ruffnut added.

"Count me out." Tuffnut added as well. Fishlegs didn't really say anything, but with his face expression, he didn't need to. Astrid shook her head no in an apologetic sort of way.

Hiccup sighed and rolled his eyes, "Fine, I'll interrogate him, you four can find other suspects. And when you get some info, bring it back to my place and we'll try to narrow down the search." They nodded in agreement and headed off in different directions. Hiccup sighed again and turned around, facing Toothless.

"This is going to be one heck of a day."

* * *

><p>"You're blaming me for stealing Gobber's underwear." The statement held both disbelief and a feel of ridiculousness.<p>

"No, I didn't say that at all. I'm just interrogating you about the subject." Hiccup tried to reason.

"Because I'm a suspect?"

"Uhhm..."

"What on Earth would I want with Gobber's skivvies? If anything, I have better things than he does." Currently, they were on the docks, Stoick initially don't his duty and helping out some fishermen.

"Look I don't know why anyone would steal Gobber's underpants, or what they'd want with them, but we need to get them back for Gobber." Stoick didn't look at him, instead he stared straight ahead. "I know you didn't take 'em dad, I just need your cooperation."

"And what in Thor's name would I know about the stolen pajamas?"

"Well, you knew about the other times Gobber lost them."

"Misplaced them." Stoick corrected, "Gobber always misplaced them; he's absentminded sometimes."

"Well, what aboutâ€" Hiccup was interrupted by a wave of a hand in front of him.

"Hiccup, no one stole Gobber's underwear and I don't have time to answer questions right now." With a sigh, Hiccup nodded, closed his eyes and bowed his head in defeat. Turning around, he walked away, meeting up with Toothless at the end of the docking boards.

"Come on, bud. We're not going to get any else from my dad." The two headed back to the meeting point, his house.

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><p>"Okay, so you two were in town this morning and happened to pass by Gobber's house. Did you see anything strange, unusual, something out of the ordinary?" Astrid asked Bucket and Mulch. She visited them at their farm, unintentionally interrupting their gathering of the eggs, wool and milk.<p>

"I don't remember seeing anything strange. We weren't really paying attention. Bucket here dropped some eggs on the way and I had to take care of the clean up." Mulch replied.

"I said I was sorry, the egg jumped from my hand." Bucket apologizes again.

"It's okay, Bucket; we've got plenty more eggs where those came from, besides it was only two." Mulch said comfortingly, patting the large blonde man on the shoulder.

"So nothing at all?" Astrid pried.

"Nope, sorry Astrid." Mulch answered. Astrid sighed in defeat. She

went off to find some one else who might be of help.

_I hope the others are having better luck than I am... _she thought.

* * *

><p>"I'm warning you Gustave, if you don't tell me right now where Gobber's panties are..." Snotlout let the rest go to Gustave's imagination. He and the kid where standing outside near the plaza beside a house.<p>

"I wasn't lying Snotlout, I don't know!" Gustave tired once more to convince the older kid, nothing was working though. The poor kid, Snotlout had him up my his shirt collar, his feet just inches off the ground. Gustave had his hands up in front of his face for fear that he'd get punched.

"That's not good enough!" Snotlout threatened, "I know you took 'em, and because of your stupid choice of actions," Snotlout poked his chest, "I have to spend the rest of the afternoon looking for the bandit, or at least make him confess."

"I don't have Gobber's underwear, what would I want with them?!" Gustave defended himself.

"I don't know what you five year olds do in your past time, but stealing an old man's skivvies?" Gustave was going to defend himself again, but Snotlout continued.

"I would go for something more interesting, like Fishlegs' botany book; oh man, you should see his face when he can't find it." Snotlout chuckled at the memory.

The door to the house they were by opened and a woman stepped out. She turned the corner after hearing voices and widened her eyes when she saw Snotlout holding Gustave up by the collar.

"What are you doing with my son Snotlout?" She demanded, coming up to them with her hands on her hips and here eyes like daggers. Snotlout froze for a moment before turning his head towards the mother. He regained his confidence, thinking he could get out of this easily.

"I am under full priveleges to interrogate this child about the missing skivvies. Andâ€" The mother looked down at him with a scol. Snotlout shrunk a little.

"â€"And he's clean, free to go." He put Gustave back down and patted him on the head. "I'll be off now." He finished with a sheepish grin before dashing off.

* * *

><p>Fishlegs sat in the Great Hall listening to this random guy talk about, well he didn't really know what the guy was talking about, he lost his focus a long time ago. Fishlegs came into the Great Hall in hopes of finding some who would be of help in their investigation. With a pencil and some paper, he spoke with some towns folk, asked some questions, and now here he was listening to his guy ramble on

about... something.<p>

"And then, out of nowhere, this giant mushroom came up from the ground and ate my foot!" The guy exclaimed; Fishlegs just looked at him speechless.

"Then of course I went to my sister's house and she made me a sweet roll; but that evil crab! He's a cheapskate!" the guy pointed his fork at Fishlegs before stabbing it back into his chicken leg.

"Uh..."

"No, no, no wait, I'm not done yet. It wasn't until the fifth of the snow fall that my uncle came to me and said," the guy raised his voice for dramatic affect, "I needed to grow a beard. Can you imagine that?!" The guy asked with mirth.

Fishlegs just shook his head, his mouth hanging open a little, "No, I really can't."

"Have I ever told you of the time whenâ€"

"Whoa, look at the time, I better be going and sort out some notes; thank you so much for your, uh, testimony." Fishlegs actually thought he should be thanked for having to sit there and listen to that story. And before the guy could say anything else, Fishlegs shuffled his feet out of there and closed the doors tightly behind him. He leaned against them and inhaled deeply before sighing in relief.

* * *

><p>Tuffnut eyed his suspect, Ruffnut did the same. Both were ready to go on a question rampage, and if they wouldn't talk, then they where more than happy to use force.<p>

"Just give it up, we know you did it." Tuff said.

"There's no one else here to blame but you." Ruff said as well, the two going back and forth.

"You had your eyes on those panties for a long time."

"Trying to blame some one else for the crime?"

"Well that's not happening."

"Yeah, because we all know..."

"YOU DID IT!" Both twins shouted in unison, pointing at each other. They were in the plaza, staring and shouting questions at each other. They growled balled their fists from the others' denial.

Astrid, Hiccup, Snotlout and Fishlegs, who had met up with each other as planned at Hiccup's house, came walking over to them.

"Where have you guys been, you were suppose to meet us at my house once you where done interrogating some witnesses." Hiccup asked.

"I will once Ruffnut confesses the crime she committed." Tuff

replied, still staring at his sister.

"Not uh, if anyone here is the perpetrator, its you." she replied back.

"You're not suppose to interrogate each other!" Astrid yelled out of annoyance.

"Why not, she's a suspect, guilty of all charges." Ruffnut narrowed her eyes at him. Tuff leaned over to Hiccup and whispered in his ear, "I know she did it." Hiccup just looked at him with a raise eyebrow. Ruffnut came over and planted a bucket on his head.

"Ah, some one turned off the lights!" his voice echoed from the bucket.

Hiccup flinched and half-gently shoved Tuffnut's bucket head away from him. Even with the slight push, Tuff still lost his balance and staggered into his sister.

"Did anybody get any leads?" Hiccup asked, turning towards his friends.

"I got nothing," Astrid reported her failure.

"Gustave wouldn't talk, so I'll have to interrogate him later." Snotlout replied.

"Uh, okay;" Hiccup said with another raised eyebrow, he looked at Fishlegs, "Fishlegs, what do you have." He did notice the tablet and pencil in his friend's hand.

"Uh, let's see," He flipped the pages as he read out the responses he got from those he questioned.

"Nope...

No...

I don't know...

I don't care...

Leave me alone...

They were actually stolen this time?...

And, the last guy, you don't want to know."

"Great, so we've got nothing." Hiccup summed it all up.

"Well, maybe they weren't really stolen." Astrid attempted to reason, knowing what this meant to Hiccup to help Gobber.

"Gobber said they were," He replied back to her.

"Well everyone else says they weren't." Fishlegs added, from facts, not just his opinion.

"He'll understand Hiccup, we did the best we could. There's nothing

more to do but tell him." Astrid said softly with a hand on his shoulder. Hiccup looked at the ground, sad that he couldn't help Gobber, but he glance back up at Astrid and nodded his head.

* * *

><p>The group walked into the forge, Hiccup being the first while the others lagged behind a bit.<p>

"Gobber?" Hiccup called out. Gobber came from behind them, wheeling in a cart of iron ores.

"Ah, Hiccup, did you lot find my skivvies?!" Gobber had a hopeful smile, one that pained Hiccup to see get whipped away due to what he was about to say. Hiccup looked back at his friends, they looked in different directions not really knowing what to say now without it being hurtful. He turned his attention back to Gobber,

"Gobber," he began, thinking of the nicest possible way to say it, "we, uh, we did a search, interrogated some witnesses, and;" Gobber just kept his hopeful grin on and nodded his head waiting for what he wanted to hear.

Hiccup sighed, "Gobber, I'm sorry, we didn't find anything." Gobber's smile vanished.

"You didn't find anything? You mean I'll never have my lucky skivvies again? The same pair I wore when your father and I first became best friends? The same pair I wore when your dad and mother got married? The same pair I wore when you were born?" Hiccup and the others sort of looked away, not wanting to meet Gobber's sorrowful gaze.

"All the good things that happened to me, I wore those trousers." Gobber started to sniffle. Hiccup got closer to him,

"It-its not the underwear that's responsible for those good times, you can still have plenty more without 'em."

"You don't understand, Hiccup; its not just because they're lucky, they're special to me. Iâ€" Gobber was interrupted by a sheep's bah. The teens stepped aside and took a look behind them.

"Shut up Phil, I'm trying to mourn hereâ€"hey, what are you munching on?" After another look, Gobber's smile came back and he rushed over to his sheep.

"My lucky skivvies! I thought I told you before not to chew on 'em." Gobber complained while picking up his underwear and kicking Phil away.

Hiccup just stared forward with an open mouth, Fishlegs dropped his pencil and tablet, Astrid face palmed herself, one of Snotlout's eyes twitched and the twins just looked at each other.

"Well, we're gonna go and start breaking stuff." Ruff said as she and Tuff walked away.

"See ya," Tuff added as they left.

Fishlegs just left, while Snotlout looked over to his right, "Where's

that Gustave at?" he asked as he too left the forge.

"I'm going to bed, night Hiccup." Astrid said, even though it was mid afternoon. Gobber came back in the forge just as Astrid was leaving. He walked up to Hiccup and held out his underwear.

"Look Hiccup, my lucky skivvies!"

"Yes, Gobber, I see them." Hiccup replied with little to no emotion.

"Now if only I could find those pin-sticks." Hiccup's eyes shot open, "Oh, Hiccup, could youâ€"

"Goodbye Gobber!" He yelled as he ran out of the forge.
>Gobber scratched his head and then shrugged his shoulders. He grabbed another dull weapon and took it to the grinder.<p>

"I've got my ax, and I've got my mace, and I love my wife with the ugly face, I'm a viking true and true!" Gobber sang cheerfully.

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><p>The END

End
file.